rehearsal. It was declared perfect, but I declared the price prohibitive.

" It's twelve guineas a yard, and I shall want yards and yards! "

In these days I am afraid they would not only put such material on to the leading lady, but on to the supers too! At the Lyceum *icanton* extravagance was unknown.

" Where can I get anything at all like it ? "

" You leave it to me/[7] said Amott. " I'll get it for you. That'll be all right/'

"But, Arnott, it's a hand-woven Indian material. How *can* you get it ? "

" You leave it to me/' Arnott repeated in his slow, quiet, confident way. " Do you rnind letting me have this yard as a pattern ? "

He went off with it, and before the dress rehearsal had produced about twenty yards of silk, which on the stage looked better than the twelve-guinea original.

" There's plenty more if you want it/' he said drily.

He had had some raw silk dyed the exact saffron. He had had two blocks made, one red and the other black, and the design had been printed, and a few cheap spangles had been added to replace the real jewels. My toga looked beautiful.

This was but one of the many emergencies to which Arnott rose with talent and promptitude.

With the staff of the theatre he was a bit of a bully—one of those men not easily roused, but being vexed, " nasty in the extreme !" As a craftsman lie had wonderful taste, and could copy antique furniture so that one could not tell

the copy from tie original.

The great aim at the Lyceum was to get everything " rotten perfect/' as the theatrical slang has it, before the dress rehearsal. Father's test of being rotten perfect was